

HOME READING.

VALUATION.

And I could swap with you even:
For the shillings and pence you have given."

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even break into poetry—which young people like—with:

"Late to bed and early to rise
Weakens the brain, the stomach, the eyes."

We can see great advantages from the extension of the system. Why could not our great business firms and companies employ such instructions for their employees? A lecture on cigarettes would do a world of good to the poor little messenger boys who are ruining themselves on this line. Our great dry goods houses often suffer inconvenience from the irregular health of the "hands." Instruction on the sanitary conditions of life (where women stand all day, for example) would check the evil. The young men who rush out for "refreshment," and often take it in a fluid state, would be none the worse for the instructions. Counsel which they disregard from the moral might impress them from the physical. Indeed, there is hardly an end to the variety of pupils, and of benefits, that might be thus reached. Dr. Burt G. Wilder, Professor at Cornell University, has published, we notice, a handy little book with many practical hints in it. One of his quoted maxims, however, has certainly a various rendering. He gives it thus: "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the skin clean, the bowels open, and the conscience clear."

In Ireland, where great accuracy is studied in such things, the last member of this prescription is much more practical. It is, "pay the clergy."

Some years ago it was my duty to work on a committee for the improvement of tenement houses. Good came out of it, and modes of construction and of inspection were improved. It is about time for the renewal of this attention. Other things beside liberty. As I go through them now in the discharge of occasional duty it is easy to see how to a tenant that neither drinks nor smokes, nor uses chloral, nor dances till in the morning, the landlord might yet say with a grim and bitter irony, "Your health, sir." — *New York Ledger.*

"Old Rattlebones."
A writer in the *Cottage Hearth* tells the following story of how a thoughtful boy was punished for calling names:

A number of us school-children were playing by the roadside, one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to a neighboring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man, with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and, when on the ground, he walked with the most curious contortions and queer variations of gait. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old Rattlebones!" while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to our house near by.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came, to my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me: "Such a fine boy was surely worth the saving!"

How the words came to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning, when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule and a laughing-stock for my companions!

I shall sleep wiv him to-night.

Sometimes I believe the little ones say the best things after all. I knew a little family in Detroit who are heart-broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their lives went out with the red winter sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man, whose duties call him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home to telegraph his wife apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old, and the dispatches usually ran as follows:

"Tell Arthur I shall sleep wiv him to-night."

The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "tedraff" a great institution. The other night, when the father had done his work and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed and said:

"Don't ky, mamma: I s'all sleep wiv God, 'oo know. Send Dad a tedraff and tell Him I s'all sleep wiv Him to-night."

But the message went straight up there without the clicking of wires or the rustle of paper.

It could never have been true that an evil spirit had driven Adam and Eve from Eden. It was the Lord who did that. A devil would have kept them; their friend expelled them. The devil would have wished them to stay where they could have food without cultivating the fields, dwellings without constructing houses; where the temperature would be so soft that they would need no clothing; where the ground should be so smooth to their feet that they would need no sandals; where they could pass their lifetime doing nothing but sweetly decay. The evil spirit could have asked no better destiny for the human race than that they should learn nothing, gain nothing, accomplish nothing, that they should lapse back into the condition of beasts, and disappoint the prophecy of Nature.

No! It was the good spirit of Nature, before them the temptation to that put before them the forbidden question, pluck the seductive fruit, take the risk and undergo the venture of being cast out. The good spirit knew that by the sweat of their brow they should be the bread; and to earn bread is the grand calling of a human being.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

ALL OLD STORIES. Hint for the suppression of a professional story-teller: He—Say, boys, did I ever tell you what happened to me and Smith when—

Omnes—You did! He surprised, and Omnes—You did! But I didn't about trying again—O! But I didn't about that happened to me and Jones as—

Omnes—You did! He, very pale, but determined—Well, you haven't heard about—Omnes—We have! (He glares, but is subdued for a week.)

Treating.

A party of three or four gentlemen, who were in a hotel in this village a few days before election, were invited to "take something" by one of their number. After they had taken it, and chatted a few minutes, another of the party solemnly suggested that it would be well to "take something." They accepted the invitation, and took something again. They then started out, and in a few minutes, as they were passing a dry goods store, another of the party stopped them and said: "Let's go in and 'take something.'"

"Why, that's a dry goods store," said one of the party.
"Well, what of it? Come in."
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